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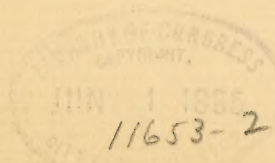
1885

Tired Mothers ✓
by
MAY RILEY SMITH

33

NEW YORK:
ANSON, D. F. RANDOLPH and Company

1885 .



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by
Angus D. F. Randolph & Co.

Dear Mother

A little blood runs upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
Upon your knee, a picture of shining hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the white mark
Of warm moist fingers, holding yours so tight
You do not prize this blessing over much,
You must be too tired to pray tonight!

But it is here! A year ago
 I did not see it as I do to-day.
 We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
 To catch the sunshine as it slips away.
 And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
 That while I wore the badge of authorship,
 I did not like more of it and tenderly
 The little child that brought me only good!

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
 How nice this pillow would be your tired knee;
 This gentle, cooling hand from off your breast,
 This lisp'ng tongue that chatters sweetly;
 If from your own dimpled hand had tripped,
 And we'd walk with us in your palm again;
 If the white feet into this grave had tripped,
 I could not blame you for your heart ache then!

I wonder what mischief you fret
 At little children, clinging to their gown;
 Or that the footprints, when the day is wet,
 See you dash enough to make them frown!
 If I could find a little muddy boot,
 Or cap, or jacket, or my chamber floor;
 If I could kiss a baby, rather look
 And hear its music in my house once more;

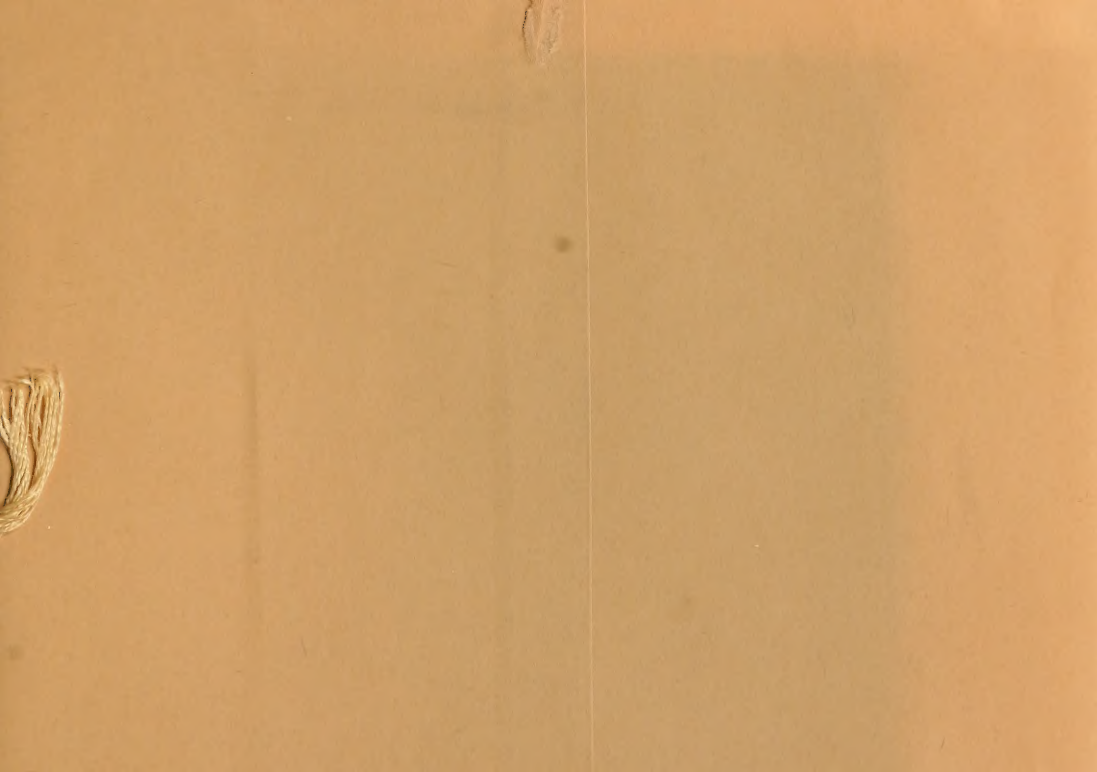
I will send a letter to you
with all the news I can get
There is no news at present
I will write you again soon
I will send you a letter
I will send you a letter
I will send you a letter
I will send you a letter

Very truly
yours
Wm Lloyd Garrison

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